

OUR DUMB

JUNE

1949

# Animals



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—Louis A. Puggar

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY *for the* PREVENTION *of* CRUELTY *to* ANIMALS

*and the*

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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# Animals

JUNE, 1949

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**MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
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☆

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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## The Best Medicine

By Frederic Loomis, M.D.

*"It's but little good you'll do, watering last year's crops."*

—George Eliot

YET that is exactly what I have seen hundreds of my patients doing in the past 25 years—watering with freely flowing tears things of the irrevocable past. Not the bitter-sweet memories of loved ones, which I could understand, but things done which should not have been done, and things left undone which should have been done.

I am a doctor, not a preacher; but a doctor, too, must try to understand the joys and sorrows of those who come to him. He should without preaching be able to expound the philosophy that one cannot live adequately in the present, nor effectively face the future, when one's thoughts are buried in the past.

Moaning over what cannot be helped is a confession of futility and of fear, of emotional stagnation — in fact, of selfishness and cowardice. The best way to break this vicious, morbid circle — "to snap out of it" — is to stop thinking about yourself, and start thinking about other people. You can lighten your own load by doing something for someone else. By the simple device of doing an outward, unselfish act today, you can make the past recede. The present and future will again take on their true challenge and perspective.

As a doctor I have seen it tried many, many times and nearly always it has been a far more successful prescription than anything I could have ordered from the drugstore.

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The above editorial has seemed so true to life that we have felt sure many of our readers would be glad to see it, finding it, indeed, for them *The Best Medicine*. This is the last of many magazine articles written by Dr. Loomis, who died last February 9. At the time he wrote, he knew death was approaching. Dr. Loomis is the author, also, of "Consultation Room," "The Bond Between Us" and "In a Chinese Garden," all published by the Loomis Book Company, 516 Park Way, Piedmont 11, California.

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Boston Record Photo

THANK YOU, DR. HANSEN! (Left to right) Charles Croucher, Dorothy Croucher, President Eric H. Hansen, Marilyn Croucher and Bobby Croucher.

## No Greater Love

A STORY of love and sacrifice was recently unfolded when "Cyndy," the much adored pet dog of the Croucher family, of East Braintree, was run over by an automobile right before eleven-year-old Dorothy Croucher's eyes.

Somehow, in spite of her grief and tear-swollen eyes, Dorothy managed to get Cyndy home. There Mr. Croucher took over, rushing the dog to a local veterinarian. But, there, he learned the sad news that the broken leg was so complicated that it was beyond help except at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, where the doctor estimated the cost would be in the neighborhood of \$50.

Well, with a family of four children, that much money is no small item, but heartbroken and in tears over Cyndy's hurt, Charles, a Boy Scout, with plans for two weeks at camp this summer, said he'd give it all up to help pay Cyndy's hospital bill. Dorothy quickly offered to sacrifice the new bicycle she was due to receive the following week.

So, Cyndy was brought to our Hospital where an examination showed that the bad break could be remedied.

It was then that the case was brought to the attention of President Eric H. Hansen who at once declared

that the Hospital would bear the expense of making Cyndy well again.

Great was the rejoicing in the Croucher household when the news came to them and these two letters were dispatched post-haste:

Dear Dr. Hansen,

I read in the paper what you are doing for "Cyndy" and us and I thank you very much. You have made us very happy.

I love Cyndy and it was awful to see her run over by the automobile. I thought she would have to die, but when I knew she could be made well again, I was glad to give my bike to help pay for her.

I have a grand daddy and he does everything for us, and he said he was going to do all he could to get my bike anyway. But I knew he couldn't, because with four of us kids it costs an awful lot of money.

But now you are going to pay for Cyndy and now I can get my bike and still Cyndy will be all right, that is why I am so happy. I did want my bike because all the girls on my street have one. So thank you very much.

With love,

Dorothy Croucher

Dear Dr. Hansen,

We read in the papers that you were going to take care of our Cyndy,

and she is going to be all right again even without giving up my camp, and Dorothy her bike. Gee, I think you are swell.

I really wanted to go to our Boy Scout Camp this year, because I have passed my Second Class test and my shark test in swimming and this year I want to work for my merit badges at camp, but I didn't care about it if I let Cyndy be put to sleep as so many people thought I should. I never could have been happy down at camp for whenever I looked at a dog, I would think of my dog and that perhaps I could have saved her and so camp meant nothing and now, think of it, just because you are so swell being our Santa Claus in April we are all happy again.

It is very grand of you to do this for us and I think you must have been a Boy Scout yourself for doing this good deed.

A salute to you from  
Scout Charlie Croucher

Not long after these letters were received, the four Croucher children came to the Hospital to visit Cyndy and to thank Dr. Hansen in person. Then it was that Dr. Hansen told Charlie that he had, indeed, been a Boy Scout once, himself, and to all the children he explained that, acting as spokesman for the Society, he had been able to be generous in their case and give Cyndy the long and expensive and careful treatment required to fix her leg, only because of the many generous people who have given money and made liberal donations to this organization. He explained that it was not he, as President, who should receive the children's thanks, but, rather the generous friends of the Hospital and of the Society.



Boston Record Photo

RECUPERATING! Dr. Todd O. Munson with Nurse Beverly Gokey examine "Cyndy."

# Report on "Joe"

By Jay Trawick

Here "Joe" runs through a music lesson with the seventh grade, seated beside his mistress, Dorothy Thompson.

JOE is the kind of fellow who ordinarily would have a rough time with the kids. He's one of those crazy individuals who actually likes to go to school.

He doesn't just like to go, he raises a deafening howl if he doesn't get there.

Joe happens to be a dog—just plain dog—with button-bright eyes and a knowing nose. He has a sleek tan coat with white splotches splashed here and there.

Joe is somewhat of an intellectual. Although he just started to school last September, he's in the seventh grade already. Of course, the fact that his young mistress is a seventh-grader at Ft. Hawkins School, in Macon, Georgia, may have something to do with that. Joe belongs to Dorothy Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Thompson, of that city.

The low-slung little dog started following Dorothy to school back in September. The weather was warm and the doors of the school were open, so Joe just breezed right in behind Dorothy.

His little mistress, a cute, freckle-faced girl with a blush that comes easily, was embarrassed, but her teacher, Mrs. Hill White, was very understanding.

But Dorothy was still embarrassed. So her mother decided to lock Joe in the house until school started. This didn't work so well, because as soon as Joe got out he headed straight for school.

He walked straight to Dorothy's room and knocked politely on the door—anyway, he knocked as politely as a dog can knock. Mrs. White thought some child was outside, but



Photo, Henry Griffin

when she opened the door, in switched Joe, walking very businesslike and dignified.

Then there was the day when the cold snap hit Macon. Joe was locked up at home that day, too. But when he got out he started for school again, only to find the front door bolted securely. This stopped him for a minute—but only for a minute.

He walked around to the side of the building where Dorothy's room is (although how he knew which room was which is still a mystery) and began to give out with his Sunday-best moans.

When Mrs. White went to the window, there sat Joe, still moaning. When he saw her, he trotted around to the front door and waited to be let in.

Joe is about as reverent as a dog can be. Each morning when the class stands for prayer, Joe stands, too. He doesn't bow his head, but maybe that's too much to ask of a dog.

Like the rest of the class, Joe gets a report card. Mrs. White made a special junior-size card for him. In place of the usual subjects he is graded on loyalty, obedience, faithfulness, intelligence and behavior. And last time he made "Good" in all of them.

His last report shows he was present 28 days, absent two and tardy two. But that wasn't his fault. In the space for remarks, Mrs. White marked, "Lack of co-operation at home."

Then, there's a spot on the card marked: "Cause of Weakness and Suggestions for Improvement." Here Mrs. White asked, "Does he get to bed early enough at night? He seems a bit drowsy during arithmetic and geography."

In the spot for teacher's comments—that's where they're supposed to say nice things—Mrs. White said, "Joe is a well-behaved pupil and an example to others in the class."

## "White-Foot" and "Lady"

By Dorothy Harris

"WHITE-FOOT" came to live in our garden during the month of November last year. Before winter was well started, we had already become attached to the little fellow and were making a pet of him. Each day found bits of nuts, cracked corn, bread, and cracker crumbs placed on the window sill nearest the tall cedar where White-Foot lived.

No White-Foot wasn't a bird. He was just an ordinary little field mouse, commonly called "deer mouse"! And he lived in comfort on the crumbs of food from our table and kitchen while teaching our whole family many strange and wonderful things about this species of mice.

If you've noticed an empty bird's nest, half filled with snow and swaying about in the cold north wind, you will probably wonder why a field mouse would ever select such a place for his winter home. Our family all wondered that, when we first noticed White-Foot (as we later named him) inspecting the last year's nest in the tall cedar near the kitchen window. But much to our surprise, the little white-footed mouse had a way to make that most unattractive open nest into a snug, warm, weather-proof home.

For days, we watched White-Foot carry bits of twigs, grass, bark, and leaves to the old nest. The little mouse spent hours bringing this material from all parts of the garden. As he arrived with each piece of building material he would weave it, bit by bit, into a dome-like roof over the top of the nest. Soon he had a well-shaped dome over the whole nest and a little door at the side. When the nest was completed to his satisfaction, White-Foot looked about for the softest and most comfortable bits to line the nest's inside. With a little help from our sewing basket, White-Foot lined the nest with bedding that made it as cozy a house as anyone could wish.

During all last winter, White-Foot was the pet of the family. He became so tame that he would sit upon the edge of the window sill while my husband, the children, or myself placed food before him. He never appeared to want us to touch him, so we all respected his wishes and didn't try to take him in our hands.

In early spring, we were surprised to notice that our little tenant had company. Another field mouse! She was a sleek, silky little flirt with a way of acting coy toward White-Foot and then showing him who was the boss in the family. At once, the "Lady" (as we named her) took over White-Foot's little home. Finally, we decided that they were married because White-Foot appeared to take pride in his household and young lady friend, and they had settled down to family affairs from all appearances.

For many hours we watched White-Foot and his bride. They would cling to the trunk of their cedar tree or the window sill, and by watching closely we discovered that they would "telegraph" to each other by tapping with their toenails. First White-Foot would signal to his Lady, and then she would signal back to him. In this way if danger from any source threatened them they would warn each other; and they would tell each other where they were and that there were no enemies about!

With the arrival of summer, White-Foot, Lady, and their three little offspring departed from their comfortable home in the cedar tree. The little nest still hangs there, with its snug little domed roof. And we're all hoping that White-Foot and his family will come back to it.

## Plate Glass Window

By Carolyn Aronson

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the beloved, homespun poet, loved and understood animals.

When he sat and rocked on the front porch of his home in a quiet suburb of Indianapolis there were always five or six of the neighborhood dogs lolling about, too. Many times he told his friends, "These critters are nigh human."

One of his favorite dog stories went like this:

At the turn of the century, a leading hardware merchant in a medium-sized Indiana town installed a plate glass window on the front of his store. The window drew much comment from passers-by for it was quite a novelty at that time. Consequently, the store owner was very proud of it.

On a cold winter day a frozen boy, hawking papers, and a nearly frozen dog appeared on the sidewalk in front of the store. Noticing that the boy was shivering, the merchant invited him to come inside to get warm. The boy asked if his dog might come in, too, but the man explained that dogs were not allowed in that grand store.

Reluctantly, the boy went into the store without his pet. The little dog pressed close to the window, looking longingly and shivering at his master.

Suddenly there was a report as loud as a shot through the store. A long crack appeared from corner to corner in the plate glass window. The owner rushed to the door. The dog disappeared down the street. His warm breath on the cold pane had done the damage.

A good man at heart, the merchant sent off for a new window. But when it was installed, he had a small sign put in a lower corner, "Little boys who are cold may come in, but they must bring their dogs with them."

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"No, no, Mike—he said make it FAST—not, run with it!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



I DON'T see how you can be so callous", Uncle Oliver said for the third time.

He was sitting before the fireplace sharing a bowl of popcorn with "Mr. Blue." Outside, the first storm of the season was making up for lost time. Water gushed from the rainspout; thunder galloped across the heavens in hobnailed shoes.

"If Mr. Blue were my dog," Uncle Oliver said, undaunted by my silence, "I certainly wouldn't make him sleep on the service porch on a night like this."

"On a night like this," I murmured irrelevantly, "I can't help thinking of that poor old man I saw going down the highway with his bed on his back. Where will he go? How will he keep warm and dry?"

Evidently Uncle Oliver wasn't listening. "Dogs are sensitive creatures," he went on. "They're afraid of thunder and lightning . . ."

As if to refute this statement, "Buddy Bearskin" raced from room to room, barking a challenge to the rowdy elements.

I gave Uncle Oliver a look and went on with my mending. "Nevertheless," I stated, "Mr. Blue and Buddy sleep on the porch—as usual!"

My husband, bored with the subject, got up and began winding the clock. "Let me know how this comes out," he yawned. "See you in the morning, Uncle Oliver."

I finished the sock I was mending and went to the porch to shake down the dogs' bed. The pilot light on the water heater cast a cozy glow on the floor; the air was warm; the old comforters, thick and fluffy.

"All right, boys," I called. "Time for bed." The dogs came with lagging steps and a "how can you do this to us" expression in their eyes. I shook the paw of each and wished him goodnight.

Uncle Oliver was still in his chair when I returned to the living room.

"Anything you want before I turn in?" I asked him.

He shook his head sullenly, and I went to bed.

Not long afterward, I heard him go down the hall, whistling softly as he always does when he is pleased about something.

For a long time I lay there, watching the lightning cleave a trace in the blackness and wondering why my husband preferred sleep to so magnificent a show.

Presently, I heard a muffled sound coming from Uncle Oliver's room. I raised my head to listen.

"Get off my chest!" I heard him shout.

I waited. He was muttering something which I couldn't catch because of the tumult of the storm.

"Dreaming," I finally concluded. "Probably thinks he's a boy again, playing football."

There was a brief interval of silence, then Uncle Oliver was at it again.

"Take your big feet out of my face, you big . . ."

Thunder drowned him out. Deciding it was time for action, I shook my husband awake. "Uncle Oliver's having a nightmare," I told him. "Better go in and wake him up."

Jack said, "Ugh," which I interpreted as agreement, but he didn't budge.

Down the hall the muttering went on with considerable threshing about.

I was getting into my robe, when I heard a thump that shook the house. Switching on lights as I ran, I threw open Uncle Oliver's door to find him on the floor, looking like a king-size cocoon, his head and feet protruding from a twisted sheet. In the center of the bed, his head resting comfortably on the pillow, was Mr. Blue. He raised up, looked at me impertinently and then lay back with a heavy sigh.

# Mr. "Blue" Uneasy Bedfellow

*by Ina Loney Morris*



There, in the center of the bed, his head resting comfortably on the pillow, was Mr. Blue.

It took some doing to get Uncle Oliver untangled and on his feet.

"That's appreciation for you," he said testily, when I'd ousted Mr. Blue and got the old gentleman back into bed. "I share my room with him and what does he do? Shoves me out of bed, that's what!"

"All of which comes of treating him as though he were 'folks'," I told him. "Mr. Blue doesn't know he's a dog, so naturally he assumes he's entitled to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the human race . . ."

"Then it's high time he learned his place. I demand you stop spoiling him . . ."

"I spoil him!" I remonstrated. "Why . . . UNCLE OLIVER!"



Postman Eastwood and "Chowspitz"

## A Wise Dog

By Jane Calder

**M**OST dogs bark when they hear a noise, but a Great Dane whose name was "Brutus," knew when not to bark.

The people who owned Brutus run a gasoline station along a roadside. Brutus was not only a gentleman, but he was a very quiet dog.

One evening they closed the gasoline station early to go out for the evening, leaving the man's aged mother at home, alone, with Brutus. Lights were out, and the mother had gone to bed in the living quarters in the rear of the station. Then it was that Brutus heard a noise—someone was cutting glass from a window, near the door. Quietly, Brutus stood in the room. He didn't even stir, let alone bark. Then, the man, who had cut the glass, reached through the hole.

Brutus made one leap, grabbed the man's hand and clamped down hard with his teeth. The man screamed, jerked back and ran to a parked car. Brutus crashed through the window and ran up the road after the car.

When the family returned home they listened to the aged mother tell the story of a faithful dog. They found blood on the floor near the door, a silent witness to the fact that their faithful Brutus knew when not to bark.

# Story of "Chowspitz"

By Charles E. Bodenhofer

**C**HOWSPITZ was a dog without a home for about two years. His name comes from the fact that he is apparently a cross between a Chow and a Spitz, smaller than the former, yet with the sturdy build of that worthy breed and with the long white hair typical of the latter. Being continually exposed to the weather, as the days grow colder, this coat thickens, almost unbelievable, thus showing that Mother Nature is always considerate of her children.

There can be no doubt that Chowspitz once had a home, but where or with whom no one seems to know. However, finding himself without one, he has still been able to survive and is a common sight as he runs along the sidewalks of Darby, Pa., bothering no one and asking only to be let alone. Independent and fearful of losing his freedom, he has spurned all overtures of adoption. True, he accepts an occasional "handout" from some well-wisher, but with no great show of appreciation.

Judging from the perils he has escaped and the hardships he has survived, Chowspitz would seem to be the possessor of a charmed life. Thousands of times he has crossed the busy thoroughfares without injury, apparently obeying traffic signals better than many pedestrians. Although once enmeshed in the dog-catcher's net he struggled free and never again could that official get within striking distance. During the cold nights of last winter he slept under an old

truck, protected only by his thick coat of hair. Attempts to lure him to more comfortable sleeping quarters were of no avail—if anyone approached, he promptly left.

However, things are now looking much brighter for this courageous dog. Definitely the one-man type, he has attached himself to the local letter carrier, Mr. Harold Eastwood. On him, his idol, Chowspitz lavishes all the affection of which he is capable. Every morning, regardless of weather, he meets him at the post office and accompanies him on his entire route, as if to illustrate the slogan of Uncle Sam's postal workers, "The mail must go through."

During Mr. Eastwood's vacation, Chowspitz was confronted by a dilemma, but finally condescended to accompany the substitute carrier. Needless to say, when his idol returned to duty, his joy knew no bounds.

This show of loyalty and devotion has not been lost on Mr. Eastwood and the bond of affection is now mutual. He has bought Chowspitz a handsome collar with license tag attached and each day sees to it that he is properly fed. Unfortunately, however, he cannot bring his four-footed pal home with him at night as his landlady dislikes the idea of a canine roomer. This problem has been solved by providing a shelter for the dog near the post office where each day he is eagerly waiting to greet his master and begin his tour of self-appointed duties.

## Odd · Facts · in · Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

### Clever Honey Guide

*The honey guide is one you'd like  
To take out on a trip;  
He leads you to a nest of bees,  
Where you can take a sip.*

*He's quite a clever little bird,  
But sometimes, when he's tryin',  
He may surprise you, by mistake,  
And lead you to a lion!*







*The moose is called "swamp hog" or—*

# Old Shovel Horns

**By Katherine Fields**

**T**HE great towering antlers of old Shovel Horns, the moose, sometimes spread as much as seventy-eight inches, beautifully pointed structures branching off from a solid spade-like base next to the head. The males often stand six and a half feet at the shoulders and weigh in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred pounds. Despite the animal's ponderous bulk, it trots through the forest with the lightness of a feather, planting huge hoofs on the ground without the slightest sound.

The antlers, marvelous prerogatives of the male, drop off in January, and then the moose is truly lightheaded. But in April the antlers begin to sprout again from the stumps, and at first are very soft and are covered with a protective fur that rubs off later in the fall after the sharp-pointed prongs have developed and hardened. Then the mighty stags rattle their horns at each other, often engaging in a clashing battle. And once in a rare while, two animals lock horns in such a way that neither can escape, thereby dooming themselves

to death.

During the short summers of the northern regions, which the moose claims as its territory, black swarms of flies and mosquitoes drive the animals into lakes and ponds. Perhaps one of the strangest things about this whiskery creature with the big, soft nose, the huge ears and humpy shoulders is its ability to browse under water, and its fondness for lily bulbs and pond weeds has earned it the nickname of "swamp hog."

Muddy bottoms of shallow lakes hinder it in no way. If the long awkward legs sink deeply, then it just pulls its head under, remaining submerged for as much as thirty seconds. Every half minute or so, it thrusts its nostrils up to gasp for air, then disappears again. Because of its square rubbery nose and flexible lips, the moose is able to nibble off plants, push them back into its mouth and chew on them without getting water in its mouth.

As winter approaches, pond roots and weeds disappear, and the moose is forced up into the hardwood ridges

for its food supply. Before the snow falls, the animal's powerful forefeet, with horny protrusions like knives, are a match for any bear, cougar or timber wolf. In spite of these remarkable weapons, this nearsighted animal prefers to run from danger, and if it scents an enemy, a warning signal is given, and all the moose in the vicinity begin loping away.

But in the depths of wet snow, the hoofs are useless, for then the moose flounders about, its exposed throat at the mercy of any animal which moves in for the kill. Because of this, from five to twenty-five moose band together in a region abounding in willows, poplars, moosewoods, birch trees and pea vines. In this area, which may cover a hundred acres, paths are trampled through the snow. As the months pass, these intersecting trailways become wider and wider until there are great bare spaces sixty feet across in the moose yards. Here the moose is able to face its enemies, nor does it venture beyond the high protecting wall of snow surrounding its territory.

Public Generosity  
Several thousand residents of Mar-  
tine's Vineyard and Nantucket have  
been moved by now the first appeal to  
made for the humane being  
led on by the Martha's Vineyard  
of the Massachusetts P.  
L. which has taken  
re the Animal League  
off. In addition to providing an  
erly trained veterinarian for the  
er months, who will become  
ur-round asset of the Vineyard  
e response is sufficient, the  
h has also erected

second prize of \$15 to Louis A.  
Puggard, Detroit, Mich., showing  
a cat with its paw in a dog's  
mouth, called "Say Ah!" and  
third prize of \$10 to a telephone.  
Of the remaining 30 prize-win-  
ners, 10 received \$3 each; 10 \$2  
each; and ten a subscription each  
to Our Dumb Animals, monthly  
publication of the Society.

Small Fry",  
statistics for the months of June  
through August show that  
exactly 300 animals were  
handled, including an injured  
bird. Of the 116 cats, 43  
placed in homes and five  
were sheltered until placed  
in their own homes. The com-  
munity received 100 more  
of these animals. There  
were seven cats placed in homes,  
out of the 183 handled during  
this three-month period, and  
again, contributions by those  
people receiving

to a family. The  
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300 animals were  
handled, including an injured  
bird. Of the 116 cats, 43  
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the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-  
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warning to animal-own-  
ers not to allow their chil-  
dren to play with their ch-  
ildren.

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of the Massachusetts Society for  
the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-  
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warning to animal-own-  
ers not to allow their chil-  
dren to play with their ch-  
ildren.

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Mrs. Farmer  
Mrs. Frederic  
Dwight Blisbe  
bee, Mrs. Al-  
George E. Br-  
Bright

# ANIMALS



Photo by Chicago Herald-American from  
International News Photos

## ONE MAN'S LABOR OF LOVE

This little cemetery for pets is the hobby of Claude M. Williamson, a retired postal worker, of Chicago, Illinois. Outside the cemetery is a sign which reads, "Boys, some of our little friends are sleeping here. Are you guilty?" Hundreds of birds, squirrels and other small animals that fell victim to air guns and slingshots are buried here. A miniature chapel occupies the center of the small plot and headstones mark the last resting place of turtles, pigeons, doves, puppies and other animals.

## DOGS PAY TROLLEY FARE

Ten-cent trolley and bus fares are now in effect in San Francisco for all dogs on leash. Heretofore, they have been permitted to ride free. Pictured here is a bit of confusion as Mrs. Beverly Peck offers the fare for two to Conductor Cordigan and he tenders transfers to "Sandy," the Peck pet. Watching is Carolyn Peck who, being only two years old, rates a free ride.



San Francisco Call-Bulletin Photo from  
International News Photos

# THE NEWS



International News Photos

## ALMOST THE MILLENIUM

In Mrs. Stella Kasproicz's delicatessen store, Newark, New Jersey, "Spotty," the dog, "Tiger," the cat, and "Whitey," the rat, get along companionably and seem to be having quite a time together. Under ordinary circumstances, it would take a very fast camera to catch this historically antagonistic trio whirling in a circle after each other, but it might be that the sobering influence of a delicatessen has something to do with this unorthodox behavior. Whitey joined his friends the other day, a gift from the Newark Police Department.

## TOO MANY PUPPIES

Mothers have troubles in the dog world, too. "Dutchess Tudette," a dalmatian, gave birth to ten male puppies some days ago, but has been unable to feed them all without a little help from baby bottles. In this photograph, nine puppies are feeding as "The Dutchess" holds a bottle for the tenth. Their proud owner is Edward Adducci, age thirteen, of Chicago.



Photo by Chicago Herald-American from International News Photos





Copyright, Verne Wood



Copyright, Verne Wood

#### WILD HORSES OF WYOMING

Many friends have written us about the editorial in our April issue concerning the fate of Wyoming's wild horses. We take pleasure in reproducing two of Verne Wood's pictures of these magnificent animals and ask once again that members and friends write their Congressmen and Senators requesting a refuge for these horses.

## "Butch" Believes In Signs

By Art Crockett

ON a porch in Greenville, South Carolina, two men sat and enjoyed a quiet conversation. Finally one man got up and said, "It's a beautiful day. How about taking a walk?"

"Fine," the other man agreed, "I'll get my hat."

"Wait. Let 'Butch' get it for you."

The seated man looked up at his friend and laughed, silently. "How can you tell your dog what to do? You can't talk."

"Just watch."

He rapped on the porch railing with his knuckles. Within a minute Butch rounded the corner of the house and dashed up the porch steps. She sat in front of her master, eager eyes waiting for a silent command. The standing man extended his right hand and wagged his nimble fingers. Butch interpreted the command and then carried it out efficiently. Not a word was spoken.

Charles Moscovitz patted Butch gently and then, in sign language to his friend, "Let's take that walk."

Moscovitz, a deaf-mute, is really proud of his dog. He rates her canine intelligence quotient as excellent, and he has good reason to, because Butch not only learned a multitude of tricks, but she has also mastered the intricate deaf and dumb sign language.

Charles Moscovitz relates that he received Butch, a mixed spitz and fox terrier, when she was two months old. Almost immediately he began teaching her the sign language. Three years later Butch was able to fetch articles, sit, stand, walk on her hind legs, crawl and roll over and play dead, with only her master's rapidly moving fingers to guide her.

Butch and her master have exhibited their unique teamwork at numerous meetings and schools where the audiences have consisted mostly of handicapped persons. It is Moscovitz's belief that through these exhibitions others may find their long sought happiness with the help of man's truest companion.

## Unusual Monuments

By Jewell Casey

THROUGHOUT the world, various animals have been honored by the erection of monuments. The following ones have been of interest to us:

On the campus of the University of Texas, is a newly-erected nine-ton bronze statue, portraying a stallion, five mares and a colt galloping down a bronze mountain. This monument is in honor of the mustang pony that carried Texans in their determined fight in developing the Lone Star State.

Out in Nebraska, on a ranch near Minden, is a huge monument erected in 1944 by Lewis Francis Newbold and others as a memorial to the draft horse, which played such a vital part in the settlement and development of the West.

A monument to the memory of the Passenger Pigeon is the unusual monument in the Wyalusing State Park, Wisconsin. Once seen in flocks of countless thousands, the Passenger Pigeon is now extinct.

The "Singing Tower," a beautiful structure soaring to a height of 205 feet, located at Mountain Lake, Florida, is a memorial to Florida's birds. Near the top of the tower are carvings of cranes, herons, flamingoes, eagles, doves, pelicans, and many other birds typical of that region. Then near the peak of the tower, forming one of the largest carillons in the world, are seventy-one bells, weighing a total of 123,264 pounds.

Atop the tower of the Royal Exchange in London is a large metal grasshopper. It is said that many years ago a group of children were hunting for grasshoppers in an old field when they found a baby boy. He grew up to be Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange. As a memorial to the grasshopper, which he considered a good luck symbol, Sir Thomas used a grasshopper over his banking establishment.

In the churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, is one of the few public memorials ever erected to a dog for his devotion. A statue of a little Skye terrier, "Greyfriars' Bobby," is a tribute to his life-long loyalty and devotion to his master. For fourteen years after the death of his master in 1858, Bobby guarded the grave in this cemetery. He would leave only a short while each day to visit his two friends—a tavern keeper who fed him, and the sexton who built a shelter for him where he kept his lonely watch.

## Kind and Courageous

**D**URING the recent war, the "Caucasian," a British merchantman, was chased by a German submarine. The steering gear of the vessel was destroyed by a shot from the under-sea boat, and she had to come to a stop. Captain Robinson gave a little Pomeranian dog to the second officer to put into a boat, but in passing the dog down, one of the men let it fall into the water.

When the captain entered the boat he saw the dog swimming toward the submarine. Without hesitation, he jumped overboard and swam almost a quarter of a mile before he overtook his pet. On reaching the animal, he placed him on his shoulders, and as the submarine had by this time drawn up to him, he laid hold of her to gain his breath.

The commander of the submarine, in broken English, said to him, "I was about to blow up your ship because you didn't stop, but I will not do so because of your brave act in saving your little dog."

The captain swam back to his boat with the dog on his shoulders. For two days he feared that, owing to the exposure, the dog might not recover; but the little Pomeranian did get well and Captain Robinson was awarded a medal for his humane action.

—H. E. Zimmerman

## Come Blow Your Horn

**P**ERHAPS one cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but a musical instrument can be made out of an animal's horn.

If this were not so, then you might never have heard of Harry James; because the trumpet he plays—as well as the cornet, bugle and other similar melody makers, began as an animal's horn.

Who knows when the first note was blown, accidentally, no doubt, from the horn of a beast? It happened long ago, for sure. Horns have been used by many different peoples, all through the ages.

Many different animals furnished the early bugles. The ancient Nordic peoples utilized mammoth tusks for a double horn, later copied in bronze. African natives blew notes on elephant tusks and antelope horns. The ram's horn was in use far and wide, from earliest times.

This particular horn—that of the ram—still has its place today. In Jewish synagogues, it plays an important part on certain special religious occasions.

—Ida M. Pardue

## Can Dogs Reason?

**W**HILE visiting in the country, some time ago, I discovered that some dogs must have the faculty of reasoning.

There were two dogs, belonging to my host, Mr. Lee. One dog, several years old, he called, "Rover." The other, "Tippet," was much younger. Both were mongrels with the hound ancestry predominating.

There was a mat on the back porch, which was greatly coveted by both dogs, as a place to drowse in the afternoon, while their master sat nearby reading or working at some task.

Whenever Rover came to the steps,

looked up and saw Tippet occupying the mat, he would immediately begin barking and running towards the barn as if he were chasing an intruder. This would bring Tippet awake, and he would rush out to see what it was all about.

Rover would then let Tippet get in the lead, whereupon he would turn back and hasten to take possession of the unoccupied mat.

Mr. Lee said that that had been a habit of Rover ever since Tippet had been old enough to want to claim a right to occupy the mat, but Tippet was never clever enough to discover the ruse.

—Julia R. Davis

## New Life for "Teddy"

By Glad Thompson

**W**INTER, spring, summer or fall—you will see a big Airedale putting his paws on the counter of a stall in Marygate, dropping a coin and waiting patiently, confidently for his ice cream. The proprietor is used to this stunt, so he solemnly hands the ice cream to Teddy, who never eats it in the shop but carries it back to the hotel where he now lives.

This happy scene occurs in Berwick-On-Tweed, England, where "Teddy" lives with his idol and master ex-Corporal Herbert Beill, formerly of the Scots Greys.

Teddy was found during the war near Wismar, Germany. As the Scots Greys advanced they came to a shell-torn, desolate farmhouse. The only thing alive was a big Airedale dog with a badly wounded leg. Corporal Beill put splints on the dog's leg and fed him.

When the Scots Greys moved on, Teddy went along. They found that he could understand both English and German so it was believed that he had been born during the war.

At the war's end, Mr. Beill managed to get Teddy through quarantine and eventually brought him home to Berwick-On-Tweed. Teddy again takes delight in doing tricks and has added a few he thought up himself. With a great show of diplomacy he places the bedroom slippers of each member of the family on their beds in the morning as a gentle hint that it is time to get up.

In the wintertime he loves to pull a sledful of children through the

snow. When the time comes for Mr. Beill's father to make a payment to the Building Society, all he has to do is place the money in the book and hand it to Teddy. Proudly he carries it the half mile to the Society, pushes the office door open, goes in and lays the book on the counter, where he waits until it is receipted before trotting home.

No one knows who left Teddy to die, but everyone is happy that he was found in time. Many joyful, useful years are ahead for Teddy. Everyone is proud of him.



Master and dog.



Photo by John Barlow

Students Jack Surprenant (left) and Bradford Gill (right) present gift to Manager Smith.

## Students Present Gift

**S**TUDENTS at Classical High School, Springfield, have worked diligently to raise money for local charitable organizations, under the direction of Milton K. Corbin, teacher of Problems of Democracy. Fifteen committees have raised funds in various ways and each committee has presented the proceeds to different charities.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was selected by one committee and \$15 was presented to the Springfield Branch by the co-chairmen of the committee, Bradford Gill and John Surprenant. J. Robert Smith, District Manager of the Society, accepted the gift and expressed the Society's appreciation.

## Our Veterinarians

**D**R. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, was guest speaker at the Spring Meeting of the Connecticut Veterinary Medical Association, held at Westport, Connecticut. Dr. Schroeder gave an illustrated talk entitled, "Practical Surgical Techniques for the Reduction and Fixation of Coxofemoral Luxations."

From May 5-7, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle was in attendance at the annual meeting of the American Animal Hospital Association, held in Chicago. He had an educational exhibit from the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, showing the modern treatment of fractures, newer X-ray

diagnoses, and pathological studies on canine virus diseases.

Dr. C. L. Blakely, head of the newly created Department of Surgery at the Hospital, addressed the spring meeting of the State of Maine Veterinary Medical Association at Lucerne. The problem of anesthesia and the management of anesthetic emergencies was the subject of Dr. Blakely's paper, and he discussed the relative merits of ether, nembutal and pentothal, as anesthetic agents. It was pointed out that the use of oxygen is an invaluable adjunct to any anesthetic, and that its wider use should be encouraged. Also the method of preventing anesthetic emergencies was stressed.

# Society and

## Pigeon Trapped

**T**RAPPED in the towering organ pipes of St. James' Church, Harrison Avenue, in Boston, a pigeon almost drowned out the church's pastor, Mgr. Daniel J. Donovan, recently as he addressed a congregation of over 12,000.

The pigeon had evidently fallen into the organ pipe, and when organist John S. Kiley played the introductory just before Mgr. Donovan went on the air, the pigeon, its chirping many times magnified by the organ pipes, joined happily with the organ, trumpet and oboe. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was hastily notified and Henry Werner was dispatched to the scene. By dropping a piece of twine 35 feet into the organ pipe, where the bird was trapped, and coaxing the bird close to a small air valve through which he could reach and tie the twine around its leg, the rescue was effected and the bird released.

## Goats Go Visiting

**T**HESE two goats appeared on a porch on Allen Street, Springfield, one day recently and peered in the windows. Every time the door was opened they tried to enter the house, so the police were called and the lost animals were taken to the Rowley Memorial Hospital, where they were later claimed by their anxious owner.





# Service News

## Theft Ring

A REPORT was received by our Society that dogs in the State were disappearing. Our agent, in co-operation with the police, made an investigation and found that young boys were stealing the dogs and selling them to the operator of a dog kennel, who, in turn, was passing them on to medical schools for experimentation. The case was turned over to the District Attorney. The owner of the kennel and the boys who had stolen the dogs were brought into court. The kennel owner was found guilty of receiving stolen property and received a six months' sentence; the boys received 30-day sentences to the House of Correction, but all appealed.

In the meantime, two of the women located their dogs and had them returned, but the animals had already been operated on.

## The Best of Care

THE best of care is given to injured animals who are brought to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston. In the picture, X-ray technician Beverly Gokey, with the aid of an assistant, takes X-rays of the leg of the dog patient, who seems to be resting comfortably in spite of his injured limb.



Photo, Bell Studio, Provincetown

Group of the prize winners in the Susan Glaspell Memorial Essay Contest.

(See Children's Page for typical essay.)

## Women's Club Co-operates

LAST month a significant meeting was held in the auditorium of the Provincetown High School. Nearly five hundred children, teachers, parents and friends came together as guests of the Women's Club which sponsored the first presentation of prizes in the Susan Glaspell Memorial Essay Contest to foster a better understanding, care and kind treatment of animals.

Mrs. Daniel Heibert, president, Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, Mrs. John Foster and Mrs. Samuel J. Singer were the committee in charge of the contest. Mrs. Heibert, in her opening remarks, recalled that Susan Glaspell, famous as an author and playwright and Pulitzer prize winner, was deeply interested in the welfare of animals and firmly believed one could not inflict cruelty without hurting one's self. To honor the memory of Susan Glaspell and to influence a child's ideas and thinking in regard to animals, as his interests and experiences expand, was the purpose of the essay contest. Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education of the American Humane Education Society, spoke on "Our Relationships and Responsibilities toward Animals" and presented the Society's film, *Out of the Heart*.

Great enthusiasm greeted the an-

nouncement that the names of the winners as selected by the judges, Mrs. Daniel Merrill, Mrs. Virginia West Andrews and Miss Eleanor Burch were to be announced by Mrs. M. C. Hammett Conwell, first district director of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs. The books awarded included "Spunky" by Berta and Elmer Hader, "The Blind Colt" by Glen Rounds, "Justin Morgan Had a Horse" by Marguerite Henry, "Rabbit Hill" by Robert Lawson, "My Friend Flicka" by Mary O'Hara, "Just So Stories" by Rudyard Kipling, "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight, "Black Beauty" by Anna Sewell, and "Horses, Horses, Horses" by Phyllis R. Fenner. Proudly the boys and girls received their awards, to the applause of admiring friends and parents, as they stood on the platform with the bulbs of the photographer flashing. The prize winners were Paul Lincoln, Grace Cook, Tamsin Souza, Louise Russell, Charles Correiro, Carol O'Donnell, Richard Silva, Mary Louise Silva and Paul Chapman.

The Women's Club of Provincetown is to be congratulated for its sponsorship of such a contest to awaken the interest and an understanding of our debt to our animal friends.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## By Boys and Girls

**N**OW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Photo by R. Eugene Gustafson

Two adorable pets. No one could abandon them.

### Do Not Abandon a Pet

By Charles Carreiro, Bradford School  
(Susan Glaspell Memorial Award)

**I**F you find a stray pet don't abandon it. Maybe your mother will let you bring him in the house. Take him in and feed him. Then, try to find the owner of the pet. If the owner has gone away or moved, ask your mother and father that you may keep it. Maybe your mother and father don't want the pet; then ask your neighbors or friends. If they do not want the pet then call the police or Humane Society. This is the only way. Never, never let the animal suffer without food and without a home.

## Be Kind to Animals

By Conrad W. Michel

**G**OD has given us many beautiful things, and among them are "Our Dumb Animals." They are mankind's most useful friends. They are called "Dumb Animals" because they cannot speak, so therefore kindness is a form of expression that they can understand.

We can learn many things from our animals, such as patience, loyalty and obedience.

Kindness to animals means to help them not only when they are in trouble, but at all times and to save them from any cruel treatment from all people. Water and food are important and should be placed where they can reach them. We should try to watch them so that we will learn their eating and living habits better.

Our work is sometimes made lighter by their help, even though we cannot always see them. As, for example, "Our Birds" keep our trees and grounds free from many insects which sometimes cause great harm.

Animals will fear us if they have been abused, but if we show kindness and thoughtfulness they soon learn to trust us and become some of our most loyal friends. They give us many moments of companionship, pleasure and entertainment.

If you want animals to be kind to you, try being kind to them first, as they cannot speak and learn to trust us only by our actions toward them.

### Our Dog "Browny"

By Marlene Williams (Age 10)

**O**UR dog "Browny," a fox terrier, is light brown, so that's why we call him Browny. Browny has such curly fluffy ears. He is only nine inches tall and he looks so funny when he runs because he is so short.

One day my mother was baking and Browny jumped up and took a piece of dough and ate it. The next morning he was sick and we had to call up the doctor. He said we had to give him pills and that was a very hard job, but he got better.

### "Galiver Getto"

By Dorothy Nelson (Age 11)

Said Galiver Getto,  
Who was a mosquito,  
While biting a person's toe,  
"I do love to bite,  
Although it's not right,  
But, I'm a mosquito, you know."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Patty Beesley and "Happy Kitten" cuddle up for a sing.

## My Kitten

By Daisy Roberts

*My kitten is as black as ink.  
He's such a little thing,  
So when we play, I like to hold  
Him in my arms and sing.*

*My kitten is a happy one,  
He loves to eat and eat,  
To keep his fur as soft as silk,  
I feed him milk and meat.*

*My kitten is a tidy one,  
He keeps himself so neat,  
You'd never know that little claws,  
Are hidden in his feet!*

*My kitten is a gentle one,  
For I am always kind,  
To him I give my loving care,  
His claws I never find.*

*My kitten seems to love me, too,  
If I lost him I'd weep,  
He touched my hand with a soft paw,  
And then fell fast asleep.*

## Bird Quiz

By Robert B. Pattison

1. Named after a well-known aquatic animal.
2. Named after a well-known farm animal.
3. Named after a well-known predatory animal.
4. Named after a well-known occupation.
5. Named after a well-known title for a ruler.
6. Named after a well-known title for a church dignitary.
7. Named after another well-known bird.
8. Named after a well-known household pet.
9. Named after well-known trees.
10. Named after the Seasons.
11. Named after common colors.
12. Named after the names of boys or girls.

Answers to "Bird Quiz" will appear in the July issue.

## Honesty the Best Policy

THAT honesty is the best policy, even for dogs, has been proved by a collie. Six-year-old Bruce has shown that a dog can be trusted to keep a strict account of money.

Every day for the past three years, Bruce has bought the daily newspaper for his young English mistress, Diana Peal. Diana would put a penny between Bruce's teeth and he would trot down to the newsstand, give the money to the newsboy, and return with the paper.

One day the newsdealer told Diana that she owed him a penny. She took the matter up with Bruce, but, of course, he was unable to tell her what had happened. Diana decided that an "audit" should be taken. After the audit was made, Bruce was cleared of all blame. An X-ray revealed the coin lodged in his stomach.

—James S. Morris





Descendants of the gulls which saved the Mormon crops.

## Feathered Paragraphs of History

By Jasper B. Sinclair

**O**UR feathered friends have shared in writing more chapters of history than most of us realize without giving the matter some thought.

Tradition has credited the excited honking of geese with rousing a sleepy-eyed Roman sentry and averting the capture of Rome in a surprise night attack. In similar manner the crowing of a rooster once saved a German city in medieval times.

An eagle is said to have been the good luck symbol that led to the beginnings of Mexico City. A band of wandering Aztec Indian tribesmen ended their day's journey in an open glade where they saw an eagle perched upon a giant cactus plant in the act of devouring a rattlesnake.

The Aztecs accepted this incident as a good omen and at once decided to establish their new capital upon the site. The Indian village in turn became Mexico City, capital of our neighbor republic below the Rio Grande.

Birds had a hand in the discovery of Hungarian gold mines many years ago. Observation of some of the pellets picked up by birds led to the discovering of rich surface veins of gold in Lower Hungary.

Pigeons, of course, have been carrying military messages from the time of Cyrus, the Persian general, in pre-

Christian times, right down to the second World War. They are still used as feathered messengers despite such rapid means of communication as radio, cable and telephone.

The swallows that build their homes each summer around the California mission at San Juan Capistrano have been doing so for enough years to give them a place in the history books. Mission records for the past century and a half tell us that the swallows have never missed by so much as a single day their arrival on the same date in March and their departure on the same October date.

Sea gulls made history when they miraculously appeared over the farms of early Utah settlers and saved the Mormon crops from destruction by hordes of insect pests. In grateful tribute the people erected the Sea Gull Monument in Temple Square, Salt Lake City, the world's first bird monument.

For that matter, the ravens made history when they fed Elijah in Biblical times. And the oddly garbed little penguins, if they did not make history themselves, at least have attracted the attention of every Antarctic explorer and earned a write-up in the annals of Antarctic exploration ever since the first adventurer headed in the direction of the South Pole.

## Important Step Forward

**U**NDER the leadership of Winthrop Bancroft, president of the Jacksonville Humane Society, Jacksonville, Florida, an important step forward has been taken in the putting to sleep of unwanted animals taken in at the Society's shelter.

After considerable research, the drug, Nembutal, has been found to be the best way of humanely disposing of animals. Says President Bancroft, "We are finding that this is an exceedingly satisfactory way to put animals to sleep as there is absolutely no pain connected with the procedure."

We heartily concur in this statement as this is the method used at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Congratulations to the Jacksonville Humane Society for its attempt to eliminate even the most fleeting pain.

## Dogs Exempt!

**T**HE new Lemke Bill, H. R. 857, to exempt dogs for animal experimentation in the District of Columbia is now in committee. Readers interested in this legislation should write to Representative John McMillan, Chairman, and express their views. He may be addressed at House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

## "Joe Louis" Comes Home

**A**NY true cat-lover can visualize the joy that Miss Josephine Starkey, of Indianapolis, Indiana, felt one morning not long ago when her beloved Persian cat, "Joe Louis," returned home.

Joe had wandered away from home two long years ago, and after weeks of searching, Josephine gave him up for lost. Imagine her surprise when she heard a scratching at the door one morning and opened it to find her pet. You may know that she immediately gave the cat a bath, a saucer of warm milk, plenty of petting. And then, for good measure, the sixteen-year-old girl gave her pet a good brushing. No wonder the cat purred softly as he fell asleep at his mistress' feet.

—Louise Price Bell

## Complication

*I always call cats she;  
The one I own is he,  
But still I call him, her,  
As if he were.*

—Ruby Zagoren

# 1948 BOUND VOLUME

## Our Dumb Animals

Place your order now for the 1948 bound volume of Our Dumb Animals, attractively bound in green cloth, with gold letters.

It contains informative articles on nature and animal care, and appealing verse, 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures.

Price—\$2.00 each.

• • •

## "Copy Cat" and "Tiny" Present

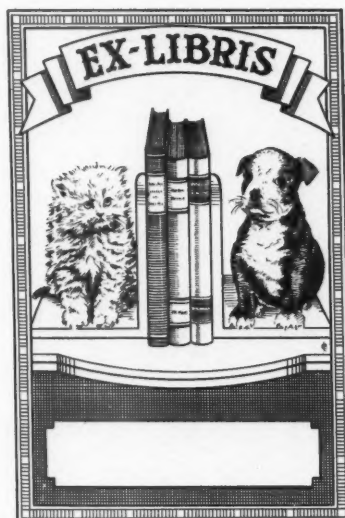
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American Humane Education Society  
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## PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1949.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

### PRIZES

First Prize . . . . . \$25.00

Second Prize . . . . . 15.00

Third Prize . . . . . 5.00

Ten \$3.00 prizes

Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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Photo, Childhood Reflections, Inc.

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